

OCTOBER 1938

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# Our Dumb Animals

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The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 10

A bill has been introduced into the British Parliament to provide for the registration and inspection of riding establishments. That is legislation that every state in the United States might well adopt.

Friends of the American Fondouk will be glad to learn that the authorities of the city of Fez have given orders that the horses employed by the owners of the public carriages of that city are to be sent regularly to the Fondouk for treatment, and that none of these horses will be allowed to be treated by the common method so often used in Far Eastern countries—searing with hot irons.

At a meeting of the International Council of Women held recently in Edinburgh, this resolution was proposed by the National Council of Women of the Netherlands:

"That the International Council of Women shall include the question of the protection of animals and their legal status in the program of work of the committees with which it may be concerned."

This is a most encouraging decision.

We are very glad to see that the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London, England, has presented its meritorious silver medal and certificate to Mr. R. O. P. Paddison, the one man in England, so far as we know, who has done the most toward securing humane methods of slaughter for Great Britain. The passing into the law of the land of the Humane Slaughter for Animals Act was also directly due, it has been said, to his efforts.

Alarming reports are at present appearing in the daily papers of the State regarding a dread disease that is attacking the horses of the Commonwealth. It is known as "encephalomyelitis," or sleeping sickness. More than 200 horses are said to have died from the malady which, known in the West, has only of late invaded the East. Veterinarians say inoculations guarantee immunity, if the horse does not contract the disease within twenty-four hours after the first inoculation.

## Your Used Stamps

WE wonder how many of our readers know the value of used stamps. For years our own two Societies have been sending used stamps to three very greatly interested friends of children. They tell us that the used stamps they collect, with others that are sent to London, support a free bed for a child in a children's hospital.

The Royal Society of Great Britain states that "If every person living in the metropolitan area of London were to send one used stamp every week, the Society to which they were sent would benefit to the extent of over \$40,000 per year. Foreign stamps, of course, are more valuable than domestic stamps."

Now, if the readers of *Our Dumb Animals* and our friends were to send us their used stamps, taken from letters both domestic and foreign, received by them, our Society would profit by a good many hundreds of dollars every year. So we are urging our readers to send us their used stamps, particularly foreign issues, to the Secretary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts. Just tear the corner of the envelope off with the stamp on it and send it.

We believe by the sale of these stamps we could endow permanently a free dog kennel in our Hospital.

## Did You Know

That spiders, with very few exceptions, are friends of ours? They help to rid the garden of insect pests. They do not attack us, and may be tamed to take food from our fingers. They are among the most highly-developed artists in their line of endeavor. They have suspension bridges, trap doors, several grades of exquisite silk. They are balloonists of note and are famous as divers.

The above is taken from that very interesting weekly magazine known as *National Nature News*.

## Horses with Natural Tails

WE are glad to quote from that attractive publication, *The Rider and Driver*, the following:

"The most important announcement in recent years concerning horse show welfare is that of the National Horse Show Association of America—that classes for '3-gaited saddle horses with natural tails' will be a feature of the show next November.

"In the past few years a number of good horses whose owners did not wish to set their tails, have been developed, and these classes have been arranged to give those owners an opportunity to show their animals. The specification for these classes reads for horses 'with natural tails (one which has not been set up.)'

"The opponents of tail-setting have also been outspoken on the ground that the tail carried thus unnaturally high is a disfigurement, especially when the hair of the tail falls forward and also when the dock is one-sided. In New York and in Massachusetts, at least since January 1st, 1934, the setting up of a horse's tail has been illegal unless the operation was 'necessary for the health or life of the animal.' Opposition to the practice has been steadily increasing, and the Editor of *The Rider and Driver* says he would 'respectfully suggest that a committee of representative saddle-horse devotees be organized to discuss the matter and decide it so as to leave no doubt as to the legal, moral, humane or aesthetic phases.'"

Heretofore in all the great horse shows there has been little chance for prizes to be won by horses with natural tails. The action of the National Horse Show Association of America with regard to this matter will receive the hearty approbation of all who have been contending for the discontinuance of the practice of tail-setting.

In Ancient China the highest praise that could be bestowed upon an Emperor was to say that his goodness extended to animals.

—The Ark



## "Run with the Fox"

LEAH BODINE DRAKE

*I started with the hunt,  
The jolly, jolly hunt,  
With its rosy coats, and faces all as rosy-  
pink as they;  
With its hounds and its noise  
Of the laughing men and boys,  
And each pretty girl so dashing on her  
sorrel or her gray.*

*Joy of living then we knew  
When the sky was fresh and blue,  
To be off across the dewy fields in tides of  
belling song!*

*It was splendid, it was gay  
To see "Robert" far away  
Like a tawny arrow from a bow, that shot  
the hills along!*

*It was splendid, it was fun  
Thus to see our Robert run,  
Too far, too far as yet for any need to  
droop his tail;*

*It was grand to watch him go! . . .  
Till his pace began to slow,  
And the thrusters saw how eyes grew wild  
and breath began to fail.*

*Oh, it didn't seem so gay  
When at last he turned at bay  
At the little rocky hole he knew,—and  
found it stoppered tight;  
Oh, it wasn't quite the fun  
It had been when just begun,  
For it wasn't "joy of living" that had made  
HIS eyes so bright!*

*It was cruel, it was cruel  
To see the tongues a-drool  
Of the leaping dogs, and how HIS mouth  
was open, hot and dry!  
It was very like to sin  
To see how the hounds closed in,  
And how the people on their mounts  
laughed down to see him die.*

*Oh, I started with the hunt,  
The jolly, jolly hunt,  
With its rosy coats and rosy cheeks above  
the tidy stocks.  
It had lover, kin and friend,—  
BUT IT FOUND ME AT THE END,  
IN MY SHAKEN SOUL, ALL MUDDY, TORN AND  
DYING WITH THE FOX!*

## To Stop Film Cruelties

The Jack London Club, with nearly three-quarters of a million members, started twenty years ago to try to prevent cruelty to animals in stage performances. Now it seeks also to prevent the cruelties connected with the film industry. What can be done about it? Let every man and woman, whenever present at a moving-picture show where cruelty to animals in any form appears upon the screen, write in protest both to the management of the theater and to the manufacturers of the film. Keep at it! The picture producers are in the business for money, not for their health. Convince them that the public is not entertained by pictures made at the expense of animal suffering or the disregard of animal rights, and they will stop producing that kind.



A MOTHER AND SIX-MONTHS-OLD BABY IN THE HEART OF INDIA

Fox Photo

## Zoo Ships and Their Cargo

PETER DUFFY

TO those who remember the impressive headlines in the reports last April of the wreck of the British freighter near Boston, it might appear that there are vessels specially designed to operate as "zoo ships." The readers of *Our Dumb Animals* will perhaps appreciate some details concerning the embarking and care of animals during a long voyage.

In the Eastern terminal ports of Karachi, Calcutta and Rangoon, animal catchers are busy supplying the merchants with varieties known to be in demand by shippers. Monkeys, snakes, birds, elephants, bears, leopards and tigers must be hunted and trapped by professional hunters.

After the voyage begins and the terror of strange noises is ended the monkeys appear to observe the human activities on deck with much interest and soon fall into the smooth routine of cleaning cages and feeding; they also come to know the meaning of the movements on shipboard, especially those associated with food which is all the monkeys now have to live for. Many people think of monkeys, dirt and bad smells as synonymous, but a moment's thought would dispel that notion. It is when they are captured and confined in small crates that they first come in contact with unpleasantness and dirt from which they cannot get away.

When the season is very cold, as in the North Atlantic in winter time, cages are generally moved into lower spaces on sheltered decks; this does not interfere with the daily cleaning and washing down of cages but it does reduce the number of visits by members of the crews and so deprives the monkeys of many delicacies and comforts.

Snakes are not so spectacular but it is interesting to watch the expert handler

feed them. Usually, frogs are put into small baths of water in the snakes' boxes and the snakes take one when they feel hungry. Sometimes they allow days to go by without attempting to eat. In very hot weather water is poured into the snakes' boxes, almost submerging them, once or twice a day as required; they are allowed to soak and cool off for a few minutes before the plugs are removed and the water allowed to drain off.

The snake's diet is not confined to frogs. The daily menu is composed of eggs, milk and sugar and a little bread, all mixed to form a soft paste. This is done for economy, but snakes will readily lap up quantities of raw eggs and milk when offered.

Pythons are inert during the greater part of their existence and need little care beyond an occasional soaking in water; feeding them entails little labor and it is usually done once in two months; they lie torpid and only when they begin to show signs of movement is it necessary to put in food for them.

Of all animals shipped, elephants are the most sensible. Ponderous and, apparently, expressionless as they are, it requires only a few days to find out that they register all the emotions unmistakably. One may observe expressions of anticipation, appreciation, disappointment or contemplation. The last always means mischief; they will look shame-faced when justly reproved, but stubborn and mutinous if handled roughly for no just cause.

When storms blow up and heavy seas break on deck all animals become apprehensive; monkeys shriek and chatter with fright, bears whine, leopards crouch and snarl, but elephants appear to take it philosophically and calmly. When bad weather is expected all cages and boxes are

## Birds from a House Window

### II

ALVIN M. PETERSON

moved to the safest places and well lashed down with ropes to keep them from sliding or being overturned by seas; tarpaulins are put in place and secured to give the best protection possible against spray, rain and wind.

When the various kinds of tropical birds are taken below decks artificial light is arranged for them, as they cannot live without light; it is usually supplied by large clusters in groups of six one-hundred watt lamps, which arrangement automatically provides the necessary heat.

Bears make good pets though they are rather rough playmates. It requires a little confidence in the beginning to undertake close contact with them. They are very suspicious and make very rapid passes with those huge pads and destructive claws; they are very clean in their habits however. In spite of their boisterous nature and rather ferocious appearance bears are very dainty eaters. They do not bolt nor "guzzle" their food but take a little at a time and chew it.

Those who visit "zoo" ships at the ports of delivery may be surprised and not a little gratified to find that the crew can handle and feed fruit to the animals without menace from teeth or claws.

The wreck of the "zoo" ship referred to above will be remembered by most readers. The shipper on that occasion accompanied his shipment, which does not always occur. When the ship stranded and began to pound herself in two on the reef his first thought was not for his own safety but for that of the animals, and had the ship shown signs of immediate foundering it was his intention to set them free and give them a chance to fight for their lives rather than let them be taken under water imprisoned in their cages. Only the birds and the bears would have survived in that case. When the shipper was ordered away with the crew for his own safety he lost no time in returning with a tug to rescue the animals, and succeeded in saving the whole shipment though a few died later from exposure.

A wolf differs from a dog in only one physical characteristic, according to the *Christian Science Monitor*. The pupil of the dog's eye is round, while that of the wolf is oval.

THE most interesting birds to be seen from my window are the bluebirds and wrens. A pair of the former birds have a nest in a hollow-branch birdbox southeast of the house, approximately two rods from the window. Incubation was well under way by May 5, when I often saw the male carrying insects to the box.

Everything was quiet and peaceful in this corner of the yard until a wren appeared upon the scene and began hanging around a wren box fastened to a post twenty feet north of the bluebird box, well within what the pretty bluebirds considered to be their territory. The wren box was located beneath a shapely young elm, an ideal location as the little wren seemed to realize. This box had a natural entrance hole two inches in diameter at first, and to it some English sparrows laid claim, carrying twigs, weeds, and grass into it until I secured a thin piece of lumber, bored a hole an inch in diameter in it, and nailed it over the entrance. By so doing I excluded the sparrows and forced them to nest elsewhere, whereas it still was entirely suitable for the little wrens.

However, when I set out this wren box last spring, I did not foresee that bluebirds would be nesting in the hollow-branch box and that they would object to having wrens for neighbors. But here was Johnny Wren, singing and sidling towards the box, keeping a watchful eye on the bluebirds all the while. The wren seemed so cautious, as if fearful of dire consequences, that I wondered what was up. Soon I learned it was the bluebird he feared, for the male flew at him and drove him off, forcing him to take refuge in the thickest part of a grapevine a short distance to the north. Eventually the bluebird flew off and the wren began edging back towards the box to which he had taken a liking.

One day a flicker alighted upon the post to which the wren box was fastened, perching silently there for some time. All at once the male bluebird darted for it, and the surprised flicker fluttered downward,

as if sent reeling from his perch by his antagonist. Shortly afterwards I saw a sparrow and a warbler in the elm, only four or five feet from the watchful bluebird. To them the bluebird paid not the slightest attention, though he frequently glanced towards the grapevine where he knew the wren was hiding.

Now, why should the bluebird tolerate the sparrow and warbler but wage war upon the burly flicker and the diminutive wren? The answer is that flickers and wrens nest in holes in posts, branches and tree-trunks, in locations similar to those chosen by bluebirds. Birds are intelligent creatures and distinguish between birds likely to try to deprive them of nesting sites and those not likely to do so. I notice that our bluebirds and robins also are on the best of terms, seeming to understand and trust one another. Robins frequently alight upon the bluebird box without in any way alarming the owners, even though the latter are in the immediate vicinity. Never have I seen robins warring upon bluebirds, or bluebirds upon robins. If robins nested in holes, I dare say, the bluebirds would not thus sit idly by while the larger birds were perching upon their nesting-boxes, but would attack and drive them off, for bluebirds are fearless and aggressive and defend their boxes, nests, and their own territory with vigor.

The bluebirds warred so relentlessly upon the little wren that I decided to move the wren box, fastening it to another post near the grapevine. Here, too, the bluebirds warred upon the wren, though now the latter was much better protected by the vine and began carrying twigs into the box. And the more the bluebirds protested and chased the more determined the little wren seemed to become. He perched and sang from the cedar and grapevine, waited until the bluebirds flew off, then made a hurried trip to the box.

On May 7 the bluebird flew straight for the wren box, darted for the entrance hole, then turned and flew off. Now, that was a queer way for a bluebird to act. What was up? I decided the wren was inside the box, and, sure enough, out he came a few minutes later. I could imagine the little rascal laughing at and calling the bluebird all sorts of naughty names from the interior of his snug house.

Thus things dragged along until the middle of the month, when Jenny Wren appeared upon the scene, taking over the task of building the nest while he watched her from the cedar, the grape trellis, or a post, singing his best meanwhile. We could not help thinking he felt relieved and that he had done his part and now was content to turn things over to her, or had she given him to understand that he was not to meddle and keep at a respectable distance? On May 18 I saw she was carrying white feathers into the box, indicating the nest was about ready. The young bluebirds left the nest a few days later, and I breathed easier. The bluebirds had had their turn, now the wrens were to have theirs.



ALMOST READY FOR THEIR FIRST FLIGHT

## Largo

HELEN MCMAHAN

*The wild geese babble high and shrill  
Against the autumn moon,  
They're moving to a warmer clime—  
To marshland and lagoon.*

*You feel a leaping of the heart,  
A yearning weird and strange—  
A mad desire to follow them  
Across the open range.*

*And yet, the wild geese are not free  
With threatened danger riven;  
From one precarious resting place  
To others, they are driven.*

*Because of man's relentless lust  
The wild geese have no home.  
In constant fear of hunters' guns,  
They must forever roam.*

## "Citizen" Beavers Get Jobs

MILDRED D. CREHAN

UNCLE SAM has found it expedient to employ beavers! The cost to the Government is approximately five dollars each and, in a year's time, they will pay for their original cost about sixty times. Among the important activities to be accomplished by these expert builders of dams are the prevention of soil erosion and the improvement of watering facilities, and forage crop conditions on numerous federal grazing lands. Uncle Sam has employed the services of five or six hundred of the beaver family and has assigned them to conservation projects in the State of Idaho.

The beavers cost the Government nothing but the initial expenditure of placing them in customary surroundings and in sections of the country where their services are really needed. These industrious workers present no housing problems, no minimum wage disputes, and child-labor is not banned in beaver-land as one and all readily become efficient and willing workers.

"Working like a beaver," is a well-known and oft-repeated phrase. The United States Government has recognized the real value behind these words and has decided to capitalize on it by transporting the beavers to places where their work will prove most profitable, and establishing whole colonies on streams where their highly useful dams will help enrich the adjacent countryside. The number of beavers placed in a new settlement usually averages about twenty. Many thousands of dollars will be saved by the animals each year and much value will accrue from the soil which they create and conserve.

It is indeed gratifying to know that federal authority has added the animal dam builders to the great army of government workers to be employed in various sections of the country for, while in such employ, the beavers will, of course, receive government protection, which is sorely needed.

As a worth-while measure of practical conservation, the employment of beavers should receive general public approval. It is also a timely tribute to a species of Nature's exemplary and efficient workers.

## Children of the Sea

BURT HAUSE

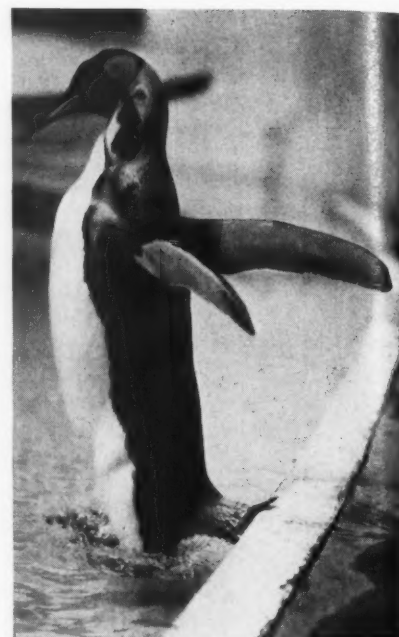
OF all the strange birds that inhabit the earth, the emperor penguin, which breeds on the rocky shores of the Antarctic regions, is one of the strangest.

The penguin is the largest of the wingless and flightless swimming birds, the adult standing about three and a half feet high and weighing around ninety pounds. He has a small black head and a strong pointed beak. His back is black, too, and his abdomen is white. His short clumsy legs are feathered down to his webbed feet and in place of wings, he possesses a pair of flippers which enable him to swim under water for a long time. Mr. Penguin would be a strong competitor in the Olympic games as a long distance swimmer and diver because he can very easily swim at the rate of a hundred miles in a day and think nothing of it.

During the short summer months, these birds gather by the thousands on the rocky Antarctic shores to rear their young. After the breeding season is over, however, they take to the sea because they are fish eaters and the sea is their home. While walking along the shore, penguins never follow individual paths, instead they have tribal paths, marching six to eight abreast like a company of soldiers. Should the path lead over a wet, slippery place, they dig little trenches across the spot with their beaks so that the ground will dry into hard ridges and afford them a foothold. Occasional mishaps occur while clambering over rocks due to their inability to stoop when they jump. Suddenly, in going over, their feet will skid from under them and they fall on their backs like children, their heads hitting the hard rock. However, they pick themselves up again and continue on the march.

Penguins never bother about building nests like other birds. The hen merely lays a single egg on the bare rock and, when ready to sit, supports the egg on the upper sides of her feet while she squats on it. Strangely enough, the newly hatched chicks are afraid of water and have to be forced in by the parents. It requires seven weeks for the egg to hatch, therefore the cock and the hen each take a turn about sitting. Every adult wants to sit. When a nest is vacated, a flock of ten or twelve birds may make a grand rush for the place and the best man wins! When the scrimmage is over, the victor carefully examines his charge before taking possession, bows politely to the hen and she returns the bow. Often though, the egg or the single chick is in grave danger of being crushed in the melee when so many neighbors offer their paternal care.

Because they stand so erect, penguins may be mistaken for human beings when seen from a distance. They behave like humans, too. When making love, the male struts proudly around the female in order to show off his good points and manly bearing. In penguin language he probably says: "What a fine fellow I am. I'll make you a good husband!" Then he suddenly stretches out his neck and touches his beak to hers as though in a kiss. Penguins are also very inquisitive. While swimming far



Globe Photo

## THE EMPEROR PENGUIN

out at sea, they will draw close to a passing ship and inspect it like a naturalist inspecting the bones of some prehistoric animal. Misery loves company and, like human beings, a depressed penguin seeks companionship. During the moulting season when he loses his feathers, he invariably leaves home to find those of his flock who will sympathize with him.

Happily, divorce suits are unknown to a penguin family. With them, love is eternal. Even after wooing, the husband is constantly kissing his wife with his beak and embracing her with his flippers at the most inopportune moments.

## Raising a Hummingbird

FRANK H. CROSS

The belief that an orphaned hummingbird cannot be raised by hand is unfounded, according to Mrs. A. T. Lofberg, who lives in the mountains near Kernville, California, and who is a bird-lover and nature student. During the summer, a tiny mite of a hummingbird was found on the lawn of a neighbor, Mrs. Lillian Parr. It was no larger than a bee. Mrs. Parr, knowing of Mrs. Lofberg's interest in birds, brought the tiny orphan to her, and Mrs. Lofberg fed it honey and water with a medicine dropper. Gradually, it feathered out, flourished, and learned to fly on the Lofberg screened porch.

It was quite tame, and at mealtimes flew from its perch on an electric cord and dined fearlessly. It displayed an active desire for human companionship and would perch on Mrs. Lofberg's hand while she sat reading on the porch. She made careful notes and observations on the nature and habits of her tiny pet, and said that it will be a sad parting when migration time comes in the fall and she must release it to take wing for the jungle lands of South America.



## Animal Scientists

MARY S. STOVER

DOES it seem absurd to call any animal a scientist? Then let's talk about some human scientists. How the world has profited from those men's open-minded, teachable attitude toward different humble creatures.

Sir Isambard Brunel's tunnel under the Thames river had its very modest start as he studied the tunneling operations of a small ship worm—and this was not the only great engineer who found it wise to worm his way to success.

We cannot say a lobster shell meant as much to James Watt as his grandmother's steaming tea-kettle, but the shell of a lobster served him at dinner gave Watt the idea of how to construct the piping that would convey water across the Clyde river's rough and extremely uneven bed.

Sir Samuel Brown discovered the principle of suspension bridges from watching a spider and her web. He began experimenting to make a "web" of iron ropes or chains whereby to support the weight of structures which must endure great strain. Now we have steel suspension bridges like that over San Francisco bay.

Watching hornets and examining their gray paper nests gave people the idea of how to manufacture paper. Mason wasps, swallows, beaver engineers with their dams have been among the other expert tutors of the wild.

Even the friendly dog's instinctive reliance on sun baths, corrective green food and water therapy have been too little noticed, but from old, people let animals be their medical advisers to some extent, particularly as to the use of healing herbs. Modern science pays grateful tribute to the fruits of professionally observing the wise self-management of sick animals.

Nature, "the old nurse," endowed all the lower orders with a large initial stock of very essential knowledge. Some have added to this remarkably through experience. If man has sense enough to learn from these fellow creatures, he is welcome to share the whole rich possession.

The sun drying of meat and hay, food storage in caves or pits dug for the purpose, came as easy lessons. Provident housewives have not always been as successful as bees when sealing their preserves with wax, but this much of the process was all right. They just did not understand about sterilizing the containers.

Lady Bee's chief scientific service is through teaching cross pollination of fruit blossoms and co-operating at it on such a scale that tons of bee colonies are now bought or rented by orchardists every season. Up-to-date transportation of these sensitive travelers is managed with comfort and safety to all concerned.

Maybe animals aren't scientists in the usual sense. Instinct is their main source of knowledge, though many learn not a little through happening to do a wise thing, recognizing the advantage of it, then repeating the process. All act on whatever knowledge they have with a scientific precision that makes us humble indeed.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of the foregoing article has sent with it her authorities for the various statements.

## The Power of Habit

RALPH FENWICK

I HAD a fine colt once that measured up to almost human intelligence. I taught him many tricks. Among them, when he was very young, was to open the barn door with his teeth. In this part of the barn was his stall and each night the colt would go to the door, open it with his teeth and walk in.

When he was a year and a half old he was stolen and all efforts to find him proved unavailing. A year went by in this way. One day I happened to be in an adjoining county and in passing a barnyard I saw a man beating a horse. As I was a salesman and had this place on my list, I stopped at once.

When I approached the man I thought I recognized the horse as the colt that had been stolen. I asked where the horse had been bought and the man said, "From a traveler through the country."

"Well, that's my horse. He was stolen from me a year ago," I informed him. "Of course I'll have to prove it and if you will let me take him to my home we can soon do that. If he's the colt I had he will open the barn door with his teeth and walk in."

Now in saying this I knew I was taking a long chance. The man refused, and laughed at the idea. "Why, I bought this horse a year ago. If your colt ever did that fool thing he'd not do it now."

A neighbor came up and advised the man to agree to do it. When the horse entered the barnyard at home he went straight to the barn and opened the door with his teeth. His long trip had made him hungry, and he was expecting food to be in his trough. The man and those who accompanied him were satisfied that the colt was mine. The animal was being true to an intelligent habit which won him back to me. Had the man not been beating the colt I never would have got him. The man's cruelty lost him the horse and also my respect.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.

## Farm Horses

MRS. CHARLES A. BAKER

*Farm horses! Farm horses!  
Black and brown and white;  
Sorrel and bay and dappled—  
They're a handsome sight!  
In the springtime going  
Up and down the field,  
Making smooth and mellow  
Soil for harvest yield.*

*Farm horses! Farm horses!  
In the summer heat  
Plowing corn and mowing  
Down the hay and wheat.  
Straining nerve and sinew  
At some stubborn hill—  
Patient and submissive  
To their owner's will.*

*Farm horses! Farm horses!  
On a frosty morn  
In the autumn, drawing  
Wagon loads of corn.  
Hauling logs in winter—  
Doing all they can.  
Farm horses, farm horses,  
Faithful friends of man!*

## How We Help Japan

According to a statement made by Senator Pope of Idaho, America is supplying 54.4 per cent of the materials absolutely necessary to Japan to carry on her war against China.

He says, "It is doubtful whether Japan could get these materials if we were not willing to supply them."

According to statistics, while we are supplying 54.4 per cent of the materials necessary, the British Empire supplies 17.5 per cent, Dutch India, Germany, Belgium, China, Norway and Switzerland supplying 13.4 per cent. A further statement is also made that "Whether the Japanese embargo should be supported by the Government may be a question. At any rate, the American people ought to know that, while they are longing for discontinuance of the aggressive war upon China by Japan, we are making it possible to carry on the war by the shipment of war materials to Japan."



TYPICAL SCENE IN HAYING TIME, GUERNSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

OCTOBER, 1938

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

### The Veterinarian and the Humane Society

FOR many years there was considerable criticism on the part of the veterinarian organizations of this country of humane societies that established animal hospitals. That criticism has pretty largely, we believe, died down as it has been recognized that more and more such work done by humane organizations has called attention to the necessity of giving greater care to the smaller animals, and so the veterinarian profession has profited by it. We are glad to see that there is a movement on foot in England, growing out of a conference between the veterinarian profession and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to work together to evolve a scheme whereby the two bodies will co-operate for the best interests of sick or injured animals, both for the poor and for those who are able to pay for necessary treatment. At a recent meeting of the Veterinary Surgeons' Organization a member is quoted as suggesting that its members be even more generous to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the future than in the past because of the support that the profession has had from the Royal Society.

### Wild Animals—How Do They Die?

The United States Biological Survey is the authority for the statement that very few wild animals die of old age. Food shortage, accidental injuries, diseases and natural enemies are the principal causes of their death. Pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs, it is stated, is one of the common causes of death in the wild as well as in civilization. Starvation is also one of the most important contributing causes of the death of the average wild animal. We have often wondered, in wandering through the woods and fields, why so seldom a dead body of a wild bird or creature is seen. Can it be that they hide away as death approaches and so their bodies are not discovered?

### Richard Martin Again

THE story of Richard Martin, so well known the world over for the legislation he secured in the British Parliament for the protection of animals, is still worth telling. We quote the following from an article in the *Animals' Friend* by Basil Harvey-James:

Richard Martin was elected Member for Galway in 1800—the first Parliament after the Union of Great Britain and Ireland. In that year Sir William Pulteney introduced a Bill to prohibit bull-baiting, which was supported by Sheridan, Wilberforce and a very few others, but never got to its second reading.

Pulteney, with the support of Sheridan, Martin and Wilberforce, tried again in 1802. Two of the Bill's most formidable opponents were William Windham, secretary for War, and Canning, who, however, afterwards modified his views. This second Bill was likewise rejected by the Commons.

The next step came from the House of Lords. In 1809, Lord Erskine, Lord Chancellor, introduced a Bill there for "Preventing Wanton and Malicious Cruelty to Animals," which would have given legal protection to "any horse, mare, mule, ass, ox, cow, sheep, or swine." At its second reading Lord Erskine made his famous speech on behalf of animals, and the Bill passed through the Lords.

In spite of the earnest support of Sir Samuel Romilly (and, of course, Martin) the Bill was thrown out by the Commons. In 1812 Martin lost his seat, and did not return to Parliament until 1818. During these six years a Stage Coaches Bill, designed mainly to prevent accidents, but which, if passed, would have saved horses some cruelty, was introduced. The Commons again rejected yet another humane measure.

It seemed after eighteen years that the humanitarians in Parliament had achieved nothing. But perhaps more was really done in those years than in any subsequent years. Patience in adversity is the veritable seed of success, and to be thwarted is a necessary corollary of the growth of progress. And if we get downhearted now, let us ponder on those eighteen years.

At the end of them, Richard Martin returned to the Commons, as Mr. Pain describes him, "an optimist, a born fighter, and a man of extraordinary energy." Four years later (1822), his Bill became Law. That is, as Kipling said, "another story," and with "Martin's Act" and his further efforts in and out of the House on behalf of the animals it is not my province here to deal.

Mr. James, also in his article, says that "Those who wish to know more of Richard Martin cannot do better than read his biography by Wellesley Pain."

The Bishop of Ely has made public his conviction with regard to circuses and exhibitions of performing animals. He says, "I made it my business to read up this subject to some extent in order to judge both sides and in this way I have reached several convictions, and I am entirely against this performance of animal tricks, and so on that account I do not go to the circus."

### A Question Often Asked

WHAT follows is quoted from Professor Albert Schweitzer, medical missionary and musician. Professor Schweitzer is known not only for his unusual scientific knowledge and his ability as a thinker, but as one of the greatest students of the famous musician, Bach. Repeatedly the question has been asked which he attempts to answer and which we introduce here:

Why Christianity does not directly command sympathy towards animals, when Jewish law contained such provisions, is often asked. The answer is that primitive Christianity, expecting the speedy end of the world, considered present suffering immaterial. St. Paul speaks of the near deliverance of all creatures and while Christianity did not formulate humane rules, sympathy was implicit in it.

We, who no longer expect world redemption through the overthrow of the natural order, are compelled by the commandment of love to give animals our active help and consideration. So we, successors of European Thought despite its opposition, have reached the point where our responsibility to animals and their right to compassionate treatment must be considered.

### Could It Happen Here?

We have had some correspondence with the secretary of the National Council for Animals' Welfare, England, telling us that the lawyers of the United Artists, Ltd., intend to sue this National Council for an article which dealt with the treatment of cats in "The Goldwyn Follies of 1938." It would seem, from the correspondence we have had with California, that there was enough evidence given by eye-witnesses to cause the loss of any suit that might be brought against the National Council. Certainly enough has been said in this country by various humane periodicals to justify their being taken into court if such justification exists in England. We doubt if any moving-picture corporation in this country would want to bring this subject into court. Cruelty is one of the things the public is more and more condemning in the making of moving picture films.

### The Jack London Memorial Library

Members of the Jack London Club may not know that when London died at his home, Glen Ellen, in the Valley of the Moon, California, the Glen Ellen Women's Improvement Club erected and maintained a building known as the "Jack London Memorial Library." This contained Jack London's valuable collection of books and manuscripts. Recently, we are told, the building and library were liable to go under the auctioneer's hammer. It was saved, however, from that sad happening by the women of the Glen Ellen Women's Improvement Club who were successful in raising the necessary money to preserve and maintain it for the future.

In making your will, please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Boston.





Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Winchester Branch Auxiliary—Mrs. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; Miss BESSIE SMALL, Treas. Second Thursday.

#### MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers..	18,353
Cases investigated .....	442
Animals examined .....	6,868
Animals placed in homes.....	167
Lost animals restored to owners..	62
Number of prosecutions.....	3
Number of convictions.....	2
Horses taken from work.....	16
Horses humanely put to sleep....	99
Small animals humanely put to sleep	3,056
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected.....	74,350
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep.....	27

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HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

##### Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355  
53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

##### Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR AUGUST

##### Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	1,107	Cases	3,067
Dogs	811	Dogs	2,523
Cats	279	Cats	456
Birds	10	Birds	69
Horses	5	Horses	6
Goat	1	Squirrels	5
Monkey	1	Monkeys	4
		Goats	2
		Rabbits	2
Operations	876		

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915 .....	163,492
Dispensary cases .....	405,823
Total .....	569,315

##### The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital .....	182
Cases entered in Dispensary .....	592
Operations .....	209

#### Water for Thirsty Horses

In the last four weeks of August 4,175 horses quenched their thirst at the hydrant stations maintained by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in Boston. Of these 798 were served at Post Office Square, 1,316 at India Square, 778 at Mahoney Square, and 1,283 at Merrimac Square.

#### The Humane Trap

Mr. W. E. Sanderson, director of the Wild Life department of the American Humane Association, writes that "for eleven years the Association has been making a world-wide search for devices that would trap animals with a minimum of suffering. Years of research, he continues, have brought us near our goal in enlightening the world concerning true conservation and the justice due our wild life. A special prize of fifty dollars was given to Vernon Bailey, nationally recognized naturalist, in recognition of his untiring and intelligent efforts in furthering the humane treatment of mammals and birds.

It is devoutly to be hoped that as long as trapping the fur-bearing animals of our country is permitted, some device will ultimately be found reducing to a minimum the enormous amount of suffering annually endured by these unfortunate creatures of the wild.

#### Annual Fair Day

Women's Auxiliary at Copley Plaza Hotel, November 9

THE annual Fair Day for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will be held by the Women's Auxiliary at Copley Plaza Hotel, Copley Square, Boston, Wednesday, November 9, 1938, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

The event will be under the direction of the officers of the Auxiliary, headed by Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president, assisted by Mrs. Charles C. Hoyt, vice-president.

There will be luncheon at 12:30, in charge of Mrs. Theodore Ramlose, and bridge from 2 to 4, under the direction of Mrs. Francis G. Carreiro. A program, with features to be announced later, is being prepared by a committee headed by Mrs. Frank E. Towne. Mrs. John A. Dykeman will supervise the decorations. Chairmen of the various tables are: Candy, Mrs. Charles F. Rowley; food, Mrs. Herbert E. Prescott; white elephant, Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher; flowers, Mrs. Charles H. Hillman; household, Mrs. George D. Colpas; literature, Miss K. Walker. The "grab" will be in charge of Miss Doris Greenwood.

Contributions of funds or articles for sale will be greatly appreciated and may be sent to Mrs. Willard Bliss, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston.

#### Mrs. Fisher Resigns

The Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. greatly regrets that, because of ill health, Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher has been obliged to resign as chairman of the Work Committee, which prepares bandages and other necessities for use in the Animal Hospital. Mrs. Fisher is a devoted friend of animals, and has given of her time and service for many years. Mrs. George D. Colpas, a very efficient member, is the new chairman.

#### The Hen in Prison

Many of our readers are probably aware of a method of securing the largest possible production of eggs, which has become more and more common in recent years. The idea is to imprison the unfortunate hen in a wire cage some 18 inches high, 18 inches deep and perhaps 12 inches wide. This becomes the home for practically the rest of its life of the poor victim of the desire to make a few extra dollars. However profitable this may be as a matter of business, it is certainly submitting the hen to a treatment contrary to everything that Nature ever intended should be its lot. Turning the poor creature into an egg-laying machine, it is denied its freedom, the normal exercise of its body, the fresh air and the sunshine that are its right. It is a part of the same indifference to the animal's claim upon us for decent treatment that is seen in the attempt to raise poultry in five-gallon glass jars. If there is a humane society in the country approving of this method, we do not know its name.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Hospital.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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#### Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

#### SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR AUGUST, 1938

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 10  
Number of addresses made, 75  
Number of persons in audiences, 18,599

### An Opportunity to Help

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

### Edwin R. Weeks

EDWIN R. WEEKS, president of the Humane Society of Kansas City, Mo., for forty-five years, distinguished for his pioneer work in the electrical field and for his activities in many lines of philanthropy, died of pneumonia, at the age of 82, August 17 last. He had been for many years an honorary vice-president of the American Humane Education Society. He took special interest in the Band of Mercy work and as the result of his efforts along this line in Kansas City, in April, 1899, he held a great mass meeting of more than 25,000 Band of Mercy children and 15,000 parents and teachers. As a result of this enormous gathering the name Mercy Hospital was given to the splendid institution opened for the children of that western country. The American Humane Education Society has circulated some 750,000 copies of a leaflet, "Does It Pay?," containing a large illustration of this biggest humane audience ever assembled at one time in any part of the world. Another indication of his great interest in children is the development of a children's camp in Swope Park, operated by the Humane Society, where 425 children are entertained annually, through a fund given by Colonel Swope at the behest of Mr. Weeks. An editorial on Mr. Weeks in the *Star*, concludes: "The Kansas City of today owes a heavy debt to those men and women who 'rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'" But the ever-widening ripples from the useful and kindly life of Edwin R. Weeks will reach far from his home city.

### From a Fez School-boy

Recently the master of the fourth class of the school, known as the Lyseum of Fez, Mr. Delon, Superintendent of the American Fondouk, writes us, asked his pupils, as an exercise, to write a brief essay on the Society for the Protection of Animals, and has sent us the very interesting essay written by Georges Darrieus, 12 years of age. It is a fine tribute to the work of the American Fondouk by a young lad of Fez. The essay reads as follows:

We are very well-placed in Fez to talk about the Society for the Protection of animals, for there is here a society which occupies itself with the care of animals, especially donkeys. The poor little don-

keys which are so unhappy in this country. When one meets them in the streets of the Medina, trotting about from morning till night, injured and lamed by their masters, they have such a sad air that one feels "chagrin" in seeing them. Their coats of hair are worn away, they are mangy, and are covered with sores in which their infamous masters stick needles to make them trot faster.

During the last few years they are less unhappy, for the Americans have built for them a big Fondouk in which they are cared for, given rest, and have their wounds dressed; and then, above all—for that would be worth nothing, if the moment they went out they were again maltreated—M. Delon and the grooms at the American Fondouk try to teach the owners of these animals better, and give them to understand that if an animal is well treated, he will live longer, and give them more service than a sick animal, and they take away the long needles with which the Arabs keep the bleeding wounds open.

Be Kind to Animals Week, April 17-22;  
Humane Sunday, April 23, 1939.

### American Fondouk, Fez

#### Report for July—31 Days

Daily average large animals	60.4	
Forage for same		\$ 71.96
Put to sleep	31	5.71
Transportation		3.48
Daily average dogs	4.7	
Forage for same		2.08
Wages, grooms, watchmen, etc.		55.72
Superintendent's salary		69.65
Veterinaries salaries		12.53
Motor ambulance upkeep		8.49
Motor bicycles upkeep		2.31
Sundries		26.66

Actual operating expenses \$258.59

Entries: 6 horses, 13 mules, 85 donkeys.  
Exits: 6 horses, 11 mules, 55 donkeys.  
Outpatients treated: 172 horses, 80 mules, 185 donkeys, 5 dogs, 1 cat.  
Other Fondouks visited: 70, all native Fondouks.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 645 cases investigated, 10,568 animals seen, 1,395 animals treated, 70 animals hospitalized by us from above, 12 pack-saddles (infected) destroyed, 10 large animals transported in motor ambulance.

#### One Day's Work

THURSDAY, 21st: 7.30 A.M. Fondouk. Usual work. As weather is getting hot, we are working from 6 A.M. to noon, and from 3 P.M. to 6 or 6.30 P.M. 8.15 A.M. to 10.30 A.M. Souk el Khemis, Casbat ben Debbab and Fes Jedid-Mellah inspections. Sent 3 animals to Hospital. Went to Ville Nouvelle to Police Dept., to see French policeman entrusted with police of public carriages, making a complaint about horse No. 2105, wounded and in bad condition, working nightly. 3.30 P.M. to 4.30 P.M. Bab Guissa inspection. Sent 2 donkeys to Hospital. Animals in Hospital: 71.

G. DELON, Superintendent



NEW LAND PURCHASED AS AN ADDITION TO AMERICAN FONDOUK, FEZ

## To Shoot or Not to Shoot

R. B. BUCKHAM

THE gun problem is a serious one in many homes. Emblem of vast destructive power, as it is, and capable of creating a noise sufficient to startle the entire neighborhood, it quite naturally appeals to most youngsters, to the consternation and distraction of their anxious parents. How should this threat of the possibility of mishap and misadventure be avoided? A local attorney, who is much of an outdoors man has this to offer:

"In my early days, living in the country, I enjoyed many advantages which the young folks of today do not always have, but in one way, nevertheless, made a poor beginning at getting a start, and it came about in this way:

"In those days, many of the young fellows of my acquaintance owned guns, either a shot-gun or a rifle, and so I came to think that I too must have one also. Like them, I occasionally went hunting, and now and then secured a luckless squirrel, rabbit or partridge. But after a time I came to see that it was not so much the game that interested me as the gun, symbol of power, with its polished stock, finely finished barrel and faultless mechanism. Therein lay the charm of it all. Consequently I determined to abandon the gun for the tennis racket, the golf club, the canoe, and, yes, the typewriter, and from all of these I have since obtained more and better satisfaction than I ever did from the gun.

"From home, I went to a neighboring college to complete my education, and there the great problem with many of us who gathered as students was how to secure the necessary funds to meet our living expenses and buy the required text-books.

"Next to me in the classroom sat a quiet, uncommunicative sort of chap who kept much to himself and appeared to be too much occupied with other things to enter into our sports to any great extent, but I soon gained his friendship, and then learned the secret of his aloofness. He was the owner of a typewriter, and with it was paying the greater part of his expenses by copying lectures and typing forms for some of the business men of the town.

"Inspired by his example, I too secured a machine, and was soon earning a little money myself in the same way. And that is how I came to be interested in the typewriter. My advice to the young people would be to get started right in this matter, and not take to the gun, as it has little place in our modern life. Own a typewriter, instead. Cruel sport may bring a kind of satisfaction at the moment, but afterwards, upon reflection, yields only regret. Bring that fact pointedly to the attention of the young folks, and the chances are that they will profit by it."

All birds molt or shed their feathers at some time during the year. During molting ducks and other water birds are temporarily unable to fly, due to losing all wing quills at the same time. Birds very rarely sing while molting.



## There's Something about a Scottie

SED STONE

THOSE of us who know the Scotch terrier, that stubby-legged, ragged-haired little freak, have learned to enjoy those traits that seem to be his alone, among all dogs.

He is not what you could describe as the perfect good neighbor dog. But is there a perfect good neighbor dog, unless it is fenced in, or chained? To this, the Scottie is no exception. He will raid a neighbor's garbage can, dig holes in his garden or flower-bed, chase his cat, if he has one, and, as a parting salute, give a few lusty scratches on that new lawn. Yet, if my neighbor talks friendly to him while he is on one of these uninvited visits, Scottie immediately assumes that distant, I-don't-care-to-meet-you attitude, and trots haughtily away. In one way though, he is considerate; he does his barking and howling at home. He probably reasons that my neighbor can enjoy this sufficiently at a short distance.

At home, Scottie is monarch of all he surveys, or tries to be. He feels that he has a responsibility, and when others than the family are around, he is apt to carry himself noticeably stiff and formal and words are not necessary to describe the dissatisfaction or disgust, a look from him can express. He looks the whole world in the face and fears not any dog. I have seen him bowled over time and again by large dogs, yet he stood his ground, he never turned tail and ran, no matter how badly he was being worsted. My wife says that he hasn't learned that "Discretion is the better part of valor." I remind her how astonishingly quick he has learned the English language. Though he is not yet two years old, she talks to him the same as she does to me. Are there two dogs in the family, or is this merely a matter of relative intelligence? My neighbor says it's stub-

bornness. He says Scottie reminds him of an old Scot who was walking on a car track, but didn't want to get off when a car approached, reasoning that the car should give him at least half the right of way.

I hasten to the rescue, I know that Scottie is a fine little pal. I know his characteristics and like them, and he has learned some of mine, and puts up with them. No matter what the circumstances or conditions happen to be, he is reconciled. He may look at me, as if he were thinking, "This isn't regular, I would like my regular food and my own bed, but if this is what I get, it's O.K." Of course my neighbor can't see my dog as I see him. He says, Scottie is out of proportion, off balance, and looks like an ant-eater. Ants—that may be what he is searching for in the flower beds; though my neighbor says it's bones. Anyhow, in intelligence, Scottie ranks well toward the top in the terrier class, and just because his jaws are bewiskered with long hairs that make his head look larger than it really is, and his stubby bowed legs and waddling stride give him an out-of-proportion appearance, he doesn't mind it, he gets around, and is absolutely nonchalant as to my neighbor's appraisal of him.

He is the only dog I have ever owned that sometimes sleeps on his back, like a cat. And when I pet him, or pick him up, he doesn't ever think it necessary to try and wash my hands and face. He may think I need it, but he is far too considerate to force it on me. And when I look into his face, there seems to be something there that reminds me of a cub tiger, and vaguely there is something else there that makes me think of a baboon. This has no connection whatsoever with what my neighbor thinks of Scottie.

No other dog I have ever owned would look me straight in the eye without flinching, like Scottie will. Yes, straight in the eye, and hold it, as if he would like to say, "You can't look me down, you've got your faults and I've got mine, and I'm staying with you."

## "Gypsy"

(The Seeing Eye)

SAMUEL J. ALLARD

*Epitome of all devotion;  
Docile, patient, kind;  
Girt with power to sense all danger;  
Friend of humankind.*

*By the will Divine appointed  
As a faithful guide;  
Loyal to the trust forever,  
Whate'er may betide.*

*Though no light may reach your master—  
Yours the seeing eye;  
Darkness now can hold no terror—  
You are standing by.*

*Proudly you are pioneering,  
Blazing trails of light;  
You are like a golden sunbeam  
In the dark of night!*

**"The lack of humane education is the principal cause of crime."**



## What Price Sport?

EDWARD PACHUTA

It was a typical Indian summer day, the wind whistled gently through the trees, the jolly sun poured out its comforting rays to warm the chilly air, and the pretty tinted leaves slowly and sadly parted from their positions in the sun and wafted down to earth.

My friend and I walked through the woods, enjoying Nature at its best. Our destination was an old abandoned stone quarry where we planned to have some target practice. We walked in a light-hearted manner for the refreshing air brought new life to our bodies and it was a real joy to be in the quiet of the wood.

Soon, we reached our spot and quickly set up the targets. In short order, our rifles were blazing away, breaking the stillness of the woods. The tall, skeleton-like trees stood silently watching our sport. And, what sport it was!

We were completely lost from the cares and worries of the world; and the trees, the gray bushes, and the small rippling brook that flowed near-by—all softly sang, peace, peace, peace.

During a short pause my comrade called my attention to a small bird which lit high in a near-by tree. It was unaware of any danger and started to sing gaily. It was then that a sort of murderous enthusiasm seemed to come over both of us. We pointed our guns toward the bird and fired almost simultaneously. We missed. Then I fired again. The song ended, and the poor creature dropped limp to the ground.

The unruly craze within me led me into a mad chase after the prey. My companion helped me search and suddenly a sickening feeling arose within me. I wished I hadn't been so foolish. Then, I found the kill. It was such a small body, gray in color, with a touch of yellow in its still, unfolded wings. A bright speck of rich red blood

colored its breast, and its once sparkling eyes were tightly closed.

I stood looking down silently and thoughtfully at the sad sight. My sport, the bird's life, and I didn't even know its name. The thought grew on me and I just couldn't pick up the body. I suppose it was fear, strange as it may seem.

My friend remarked about the swell shot I made. I said nothing. I, the killer, had lost control of myself and had practised what I thought had been "sport." I had destroyed that which God had created. This creature had just as much right to live as I did. But I had taken its life wantonly.

My thoughts wandered across the sea where frenzied nations were slaughtering people just as I had slaughtered this bird. That craze which made me lose control, had prompted me to kill, was also leading these nations to needless killing. In one moment, I had forgotten all about God, Nature, and everything I believed. They were doing likewise. Except, that instead of calling it "sport" they were using terms like "face," or "economic stress."

My deed was done, so was the day. The now weary sun was fast turning to a vivid orange-red hue and gradually sank lower and lower beyond the distant hill. Dark clouds of approaching night slowly formed around Old Sol as though they were trying to cover him for the night. A lone bird swiftly flew across the horizon, bent on reaching its home, to protect it from the haunting night. Old Sol had set on another day. To him it might have been just an average day. To me it was an unforgettable one for it made me realize how and why men kill. That little bird's life made me resolve to control that craze. I shall control myself because I shall dread that feeling I experienced as a killer. And, that experience will serve as a guidance to keep me from crazed, unnecessary slaughter, whether it be aimed at man or animal.

## "Frisk"

A true dog story

NO dog was ever happier after he came into our lives to bless us with his charm, his loyalty and his love.

Two close friends, my mother and Mrs. Ward, were staying for a few days at a farm house not far from the rolling surf of Northumberland Strait, a lonely, wind-blown spot along the north coast of Nova Scotia; the only sounds the low boom of the breakers and the wind rustling through the tall grass, the spruces and maples along the ridge above the sea.

It was Sunday morning—as only a morning can be there. The two ladies had planned to attend the little country church two or three miles down the road, as a visiting minister was due to preach. They drove happily along in the phaeton, with quiet old "Nell" enjoying it as much as anybody.

They arrived at the small but immaculate church with its pointed steeple and drove through the gate toward some old trees, where Mrs. Ward got out and hitched the mare. A few carriages were already there and by the side of one my mother quickly noticed a small rough, black and tan dog, close up against the wheel; a poor forlorn little fellow with a frightened look and tail down. In her usual friendly way, where an animal was concerned, Mother went over to him and bent down and patted him. His tail quivered a little but he looked frightened as if he was not quite sure of even a kind word. A gangling youth was hitching his horse near-by. "Do you know who owns this little dog?" my mother asked. "I guess he belongs to the minister, ma'm," was the reply.

Many of the country folk, dressed in their best, were now filing into the yard to the call of the bell and the two ladies entered the church with them. They were shown a seat well to the front and sat watching the choir forming in the seats behind the little organ with its ornate carvings and trimmings.

The young organist came in and adjusted her pedals and stops. There was much rustling of hymn books and finery as fathers and mothers settled themselves and their shining broods in their pews. The windows, tall and narrow, boasted no stained glass, and the sunlight poured in, dappled with the leaves that flickered against the panes. Here and there a bird twittered and all was peace.

The bell stopped and out from a side door came the minister. At that moment mother had a hazy misgiving about the little dog waiting by the carriage wheel.

All eyes were turned on the minister, and truth to say, his appearance foreboded nothing pleasant. The preliminaries of the service over Mr. Grimison, for that was his name, arose to give out his text.

I do not know what his text was, and I'll wager no one else did when the sermon was over. It was mostly about Hell and he went into such minute details one could only suppose that he had just returned from a recent visit there.

At last, after about 30 minutes of this, Grimison came nearer home and began to mention several prominent townspeople who also were making the swift descent to the



A HOUSE ON WHEELS FOR TRANSPORTING THE DOG

Here is the picture of Richard Gingras, 37 Bay Street, Springfield, Massachusetts, and the trailer he built especially for his dog. The trailer is attached to his bicycle,

and when his dog, "Corky," goes with him he has the accommodation of a complete bed and also a nice seat for the dog if he wishes to view the scenery as he goes along.

everlasting bonfire and finally wound up with the name of our beloved Dr. — who was pastor of our church at the time. He also was on his way.

Grimison slammed the Bible to with a bang, turned a ferocious stare at the people and gave out the hymn.

Out into the sunshine—and mother made straight for old Grimison's carriage, with the little dog still sitting there. One swift bend to the little cowering thing and he was in her arms and she was in the phaeton holding him close.

"Why, Mrs. Fowler, whatever are you doing?" gasped her friend as she turned from untying old Nell.

"Don't ask questions," was the response, "get in and drive."

"But,"—it was no use, the singing had ceased, one or two people appeared on the porch, so with all speed Mrs. Ward got in and drove.

When they were well away on the lonely road and Mother had recovered her speech, she said, "Any dog would be too good for that man, and he is not going to own this one any more—is he old chap?" Mrs. Ward, now over her fear of detection, was shaking with laughter and the doggie had already perked up wonderfully and sensed that he was among friends at last.

My mother brought him home to us and from that moment to the day of his passing—alas—he was as happy as a sunbeam. The ethical side of this dark story may be quite wrong—but I doubt it.

This happened fifty years ago. Not a word ever reached us of any investigation on the part of Mr. Grimison and we doubt if he missed the dog any more than our dear Frisk missed him.

CONSTANCE FOWLER FRITH  
Turks Islands, B. W. I.

## Autumn Adventures

DORIS M. BALTES

AUTUMN is the time of year when long-tailed opossums roam the fields nightly and are apt to raid a chicken pen; when raccoons are sure to be out of their dens catching frogs and fish from the pond or filching young corn from a farmer's patch; when muskrats are building their winter homes in the marshlands; when squirrels and chipmunks race about the woods storing nuts for winter food. It is the time of year when all wild animals are in their most venturesome mood.

The hibernators are getting ready for their winter sleep. If there is wild honey in a hollow tree, the bears will find it, for they must put on fat to keep them alive in their dens from four to five months. Little bears will be born during that time and the mother bear never know it, but she is preparing for them now by consuming everything that is edible to bears. She particularly likes ripened berries, succulent plants of all kinds, honey, and occasionally a meal of fresh meat. Since the bears are big brothers to the raccoon, they also like to fish from a mountain brook.

Woodchucks will be seen now in the cornfields, eating themselves fat before going into their holes at the first sign of a freeze, and colonies of meadow mice scampering

about getting ready to take a winter lease on some cornshock, or burrowing passages to an underground nest where they will live happily and warmly under the snow.

Wild rabbits and foxes will roam all winter, but they seem struck, too, by a spirit of adventure in the fall, especially at night. Rabbits play across the open fields with ears perked eternally for sight or sound of the phantom-like fox or the swoop of an owl from above. If we live where coyotes dwell, a moonlit autumn night is the most likely time to hear their shrill and eerie bark.

The little black and white skunk roams at his pleasure, spreading his odorous defense as he goes, a warning to all to give him wide berth. Porcupines now are apt to pay friendly visits to man if he has a camp in the woods, seemingly in a pure spirit of adventure.

Even the birds are restless in the trees as they rehearse for fall migration. Watch the blackbirds rise and settle and congregate in ever greater numbers, chattering constantly of the trip ahead of them. Truly it is adventure time in the woods and fields—a time when more is to be seen of the animals than at any other time of the year and the best time to get acquainted with our furred and feathered neighbors.

Nobody knows why the lemming periodically commits wholesale suicide by coming, in droves, down the Scandinavian mountains and swimming out into the sea.

## Wood Enchantment

JESSIE M. GILMORE

*If you have ever feasted*

*On Wood-Enchantment fare,  
That grows in deep blue forests,  
And found no otherwhere;*

*Or walked through purple shadows*

*Where no grim spoiler's hand*

*Has interfered with nature*

*In all the tree-clad land;*

*Or heard the forest voices*

*Conversing with the moon,*

*When happy little insects*

*Have all their harps in tune;*

*Or from the cup of morning*

*Have drunk the woodland peace—*

*In all the years that follow*

*There never comes release.*

*The charm is like old music*

*That tarries in the heart;*

*Or half remembered beauty*

*That life has set apart.*

*Within the crowded cities*

*You'll long for forest ways;*

*And in the man-made churches*

*You'll hear the hymns of praise*

*The happy birds are singing*

*Where long cathedral aisles*

*Are stretching through the woodlands,*

*And earth to heaven, smiles.*

*'Tis only Wood-Enchantment,*

*But God is worshipped there*

*By everything in nature,*

*And just to see, is prayer.*



## Goats Are Increasing

IT'S almost too much to expect that goat's milk will ever supplant that of the cow as an item in every day diet, but with all the agitation of the milk question the goat is coming to the front and in some localities where goat's milk is easily available, the cow isn't receiving as much favorable consideration as it once did, says a writer in the *New York Sun*. Recent estimates placed the number of goats in New York State at 60,000 and growing.

The goat-raising habit is spreading as has been previously noted on this page. Up near Rutland, Vt., H. Holton Thorn talked with a doctor who told him of his experiences with wounded soldiers in France. Those billeted with peasants who fed them on goat's milk rallied from illnesses or wounds more quickly and satisfactorily than those who had been fed on other diets, the doctor told him.

Now, in New England fields where sheep once browsed, farmers are trying out goats and finding them profitable, but at 30 to 50 cents a quart their milk isn't expected to find a place on the average man's table except for tonic purposes.

## St. Louis Convention

The annual meeting of the American Humane Association will be held at Hotel Coronado, St. Louis, Missouri, October 17-20. The first two days will be given up to subjects relating to child protection, and the last two to topics relating to animals. Among the speakers will be many experts from all parts of the United States and from England. There will be a commemorative service in honor of Dr. W. O. Stillman, late president of the Association. The annual banquet will be Tuesday evening, with Byron Harlan, M. C., as toastmaster. Wednesday evening a humane education program will be in charge of Miss Frances E. Clarke.

## The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Ten new Bands of Mercy were organized during August. Five of these were in Georgia, and five in Virginia.

**Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 232,708.**

## In Syria and Lebanon

OUR field worker in Lebanon, Mr. N. B. Matta, writes on July 18: "In the last three weeks I made a tour through Lebanon and Syria and lectured in 37 villages. The total attendance was about 4,300. Twenty-four Bands of Mercy were organized.

"Despite the disturbances in Palestine our field lecturer visited 58 villages and spoke to good audiences. He offered practical suggestions to farmers for taking proper care of their animals. He also lectured in 33 villages in Transjordan, with audiences totaling 6,500. Nine Bands of Mercy were organized in the summer schools of Amman and suburbs.

Mr. Matta took care of 13 dogs, eight cats, six donkeys and two horses. Twenty-four dogs, six cats, two mules and one horse were humanely put to sleep. Four dogs, three goats and one sheep, that had strayed from their homes, were found and restored to their owners.

## Cats Carefully Protected

According to the "Book of Records of Pitcairn Island" cats enjoy unusual protection there, and animals of all kinds apparently have the same protection as human beings. Here is the text of the two laws:

### Law 16

Any person or persons after this date, 24 September 1884, maliciously wounding or causing the death of a cat, without permission, will be liable to such punishment as the court will inflict. Further, Any person or persons aiding, or abetting in the aforesaid misdemeanor, will also be convicted under the same indictment. Should any dog, going out with his master, fall in with a cat, and chase him, and no effort is made to save the cat, the dog must be killed for the first offence. Fine 10 shillings.

### Law 17

It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to treat cruelly, or to beat in an unmerciful manner, their fellow beings, or animals of whatever kind, to injure them or in any way to inflict pain. First violation of the law punishable by reprimand of the court. Subsequent violations by fine of from 12 to 40 shillings.

## Left with the Cat

L. E. EUBANKS

OUR beautiful black and white cat, "Boots," is now about thirteen months old. He had never been separated from either my wife or me until recently, when my wife went to visit her relatives for two weeks.

Though very affectionate, Boots had never been a "lap" pet; he preferred to lie at our feet. But the evening of my first "batching" day all this changed. I had hardly sat down to read, when the cat jumped into my lap. He looked intently into my face, then snuggled down, purring.

Every night of my wife's absence it was that way. Invariably, in the morning Boots looked the house over carefully, in the hope that his mistress had returned—then offered me every consolation at his command.

Whereas, formerly, he had stayed out frequently until bedtime, he was now with me every minute. As an experiment, I put him out; he wouldn't leave the porch, and insisted on coming back in.

He had been trained to stay off my desk. But during that two weeks I never sat down to write that he didn't get on the desk and lie near my elbow. When I used the typewriter I had to push him off my lap repeatedly.

Naturally, I wondered what would happen when Mrs. Eubanks returned, whether he would continue this new system of special attention to me. He did not; after his first joyful greeting of his mistress, he reverted exactly to his former habits. He couldn't have told me more plainly in words that I now had other company and could do without the extra loving.

Ordinarily, this cat is the most playful I have ever seen, but during my wife's absence he never played. Several times I tried the little games he had always enjoyed, but all he wanted to do was to lie in my lap.

And then some people say that cats are dumb!

## The Love of a Cat

Teachers and pupils in the schools in northern and eastern New England will recall that our field worker, Miss Lucia Fessenden Gilbert, always traveled with her cat, "Charles." On August 22 Miss Gilbert wrote us:

"My dear little 'Charles' died this morning. I am just heartbroken. Since 1929 he has verily given his life, in a very real and efficient way, to bolstering up my efforts for animals. He gave me courage, happiness, love, and a home wherever I went. He never lost his own unfailing cheerfulness, even this last year when he was blind. Everywhere he made friends both for himself and for me, and met great kindness, for which I am grateful. He was 17 years and 5 months old."



BUNNY AND HER FOSTER MOTHER

## Mrs. Bond and "Rosa"

JOHN T. LYNCH

THE beloved composer of "The End of a Perfect Day," Carrie Jacobs Bond, recently celebrated her birthday. Gifts from admirers the world over completely filled a large room in her home. Of all the gifts, though, little "Rosa" was the favorite; Rosa being a small, white terrier dog.

There is a pleasing story connected with Rosa's ultimate arrival at Mrs. Bond's home.

About two years ago, while walking down Hollywood Boulevard, Mrs. Bond met a little girl who was leading Rosa with a home-made leash. The composer stopped and asked the child if she knew where another dog like Rosa could be procured. The girl said that she did not know, but that she would try to find out. Mrs. Bond gave her a card. The little girl promised to call about the dog as soon as possible. The girl did not keep her word, at the time, and Mrs. Bond had nearly forgotten the matter. She had given up all hope of getting a pet like Rosa. Then, on her birthday evening, as she was leaving her house for the Writer's Club dinner, given in her honor, little Rosa jumped playfully at her as she opened the door. No one else was in sight.

Around Rosa's white, fluffy neck was a huge red ribbon. Attached was a card on which was scrawled, in a childish manner: "This is Rosa. I can't keep her any longer and I want her to have a good home." The card was not signed. Not a clue as to who the little girl was or where she lived.

For Mrs. Bond and Rosa it was, truly, "the end of a perfect day." But for the little girl, it was indeed pathetic.

**Are you a member of the Band of Mercy? If not, write to Secretary, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, for full particulars.**



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Tide of Tails

ALICE GERTRUDE FIELD

*Oh look, there's a ripple  
Far back in that tree,  
A singular stipple—  
Why, what can it be?*

*There's an undulant flicker  
Of light and of dark,  
And something moves quicker  
Than eye, on the bark.*

*As by waves of the ocean  
The trunk has been stirred,  
Not shadows in motion,  
Nor is it a bird.*

*But now there's a plopping  
Of beasts, furry-gray,  
The squirrels are dropping;  
The tide flows away.*

## Bird versus Chocolate Bar

KADRA MAYSI

THIS is the true story of a little boy, a bird and a chocolate bar. The little boy loved chocolate bars and had been longing for one all day. In late afternoon a member of his family gave him a nickel and he started, happily, for the nearest shop.

But, as he left his gate, he saw another boy, across the street, tossing into the air a young chimney swallow. Sometimes this boy would catch the poor, fluttering creature, only to throw it high again. Sometimes it would fall on the hard concrete. The little boy-bound-for-the-chocolate-bar crossed the street, told the other boy that he was hurting the bird and asked him to let it go. But the other boy replied that his sister had knocked it down with a brick and given it to him and it was his to do with as he pleased.

The little boy-bound-for-the-chocolate-bar was too young to know that he could have called an officer of the law or a representative of the Humane Society. Besides, being a boy, he hated to tell on another boy. But he loved animals and could not bear to see the little bird battered to death. His hand went into his pocket, where reposed a buffalo nickel—and all his hopes of a chocolate bar.

"I'll buy it from you for a nickel," he said, and held out the coin.

Then he walked slowly back to his house, smoothing the poor, ruffled feathers and trying to quiet the madly beating heart of the tiny creature. He gave it water and tried to give it food and left it that night in the sun porch, clinging to the wire screen. Next morning it was still clinging there and did not seem frightened when he took it down and examined it. To his joy, it had no wounds and when he carried it outdoors and released it, it flew away. In his pleasure at seeing it, he forgot the lost chocolate bar. A few days ago I saw him and he told me the story. He was—and is—quite unaware that he has done a very kind deed.



Photo by Bachrach

## EXCHANGING CONFIDENCES

## The "Cat" Words

ANN ROE ANDERSON

AN amusing party stunt is to find the last syllables of the words given below. You will notice that each word begins with "cat." The sentence following gives a clue to what word or words complete the word begun. Like this: Cat's—something that none of us want to do without. Eye, is the syllable missing. The finished word is Cat's-eye (which is a semi-precious stone). Give each guest a typewritten copy of the "cat" words and the clues.

1. Cata—A tree on its way to a sawmill.
2. Cata—To get up on, as upon a horse.
3. Cata—What a printer "sets."
4. Cata—A toilet article.
5. Cater—A support.
6. Cats—What the monkey used.
7. Cat-o—A number, and what the majority of cats have.
8. Cat—Our relatives.
9. Cat—A small amount of anything, a pinch.
10. Cat—Some of them sail.
11. Cat—Something that sings.
12. Cat—Something that an animal has.

For correct answers see this page next month.

## California Rodeo

CALVIN BERKELEY

**R**ODEOS, they will tell you, have been purified and made antiseptically free from cruelty to horse and steer alike. No more is it permissible to rowel a range bred mustang with sabre-pointed spurs to force it to show that wild "viciousness" that thrills the packed grandstands. Nor can the cowboys "bull-dog" the wild steers with that punishing neck-twisting display of cruel power that always ends with the dumb brute of a steer being hurled into the dust of the arena with his neck almost tied in a knot.

Humane societies and other civilized agencies that frown on wanton cruelty to dumb animals have put a stop to that type of Wild-West "sport."

But, unfortunately, the blood-thirstiness seemingly inherent in mortal man has found other ways of harassing, frightening and punishing the animals of the range to provide a modern Roman holiday display of cruelty for the edification of American audiences.

The old-style "bull-dogging" that often seemed to end with the wild steer's head almost twisted off, today has evolved into a new type of refined torture.

Now the cowboys are equipped with a rubber band—sliced from the inner tubes of automobile tires. With this band in their hands the "bull-doggers" ride in thundering pursuit of the terrified steer, slide off their horse onto the horns of the steer, and slip the rubber band over the animal's nose.

Physically it doesn't hurt the steer. But the wild range beast, with that incubus of a rubber band over mouth and nostrils, doesn't know that. Frantically, eyes rolling until the whites show up vividly, he squirms and kicks, shaking his head, trying to rid himself of that binding rubber band. Later, of course, it is removed. But I wonder what a physician would say if he were to take the count of the animal's heart beat after one of these "humane" exhibitions. Terror can kill.

Unfortunately this type of "bull-dogging" is not enough to appease the thrill-craving audiences that attend rodeos.

Last year, at an annual rodeo held in California, I witnessed a modern development of the Wild West thrills served up to the unsatiated crowd.

It is called a "wild horse race."

Wild and untamed range horses, not broken to saddle or halter, unfamiliar with man's refined cruelties, frightened and frantic in the midst of that yelling crowd, the milling horses, the confining corral, the shrill neighing of rowelled horses and the bellows of wild bulls, are brought in for the wild horse race.

Negro stable "swipes" and half-breed horse wranglers halter the animals. These wild horses have never had a halter on them before. They kick and scream, fight, rear back on their hind legs. Terror shows in their every maddened effort to escape from their captors.

But the halter and rope in the hands of two or three "swipes" hold them firmly.

A saddle is thrown on their cringing back. Some times it stays on. More often

the thoroughly maddened and frightened animal kicks it off. And then, with a half dozen horses in the race, men mount the bucking, plunging, screaming animals.

These horses have never had a rider on them before. This is their first horrifying contact with man—this mad attempt at a race before the shrieking crowd that has turned the rodeo arena and stands into an insane bedlam.

The horses fight loose. Some run in the wrong direction. Their riders kick and spur them. Bits saw cruelly at tender mouths.

It is not a race. It is a mad, insane exhibition of unmitigated human torture. Horseflesh and pounding heart cannot stand it.

At last year's rodeo I saw the cruel climax of a wild horse race.

One animal, sweat-stained, foaming at the mouth, thoroughly terrorized and blinded to every instinct except that of escape from this punishment and torture, plunged against the wooden fence in front of the grandstand where I sat.

The horse bounded back to the middle of the track, stood shaking and quivering for one awful moment, then fell over—dead.

"Broken neck," the rodeo men insisted.

But I saw it all. That wild horse didn't die of a broken neck. It died of fright—sheer unreasoning terror. Terror that stopped its pounding, over-strained heart.

The "act" climaxed the day's events. The excited crowds stood up, slowly left the stands, chattering about the "thrills" they had witnessed.

But back on the track—I couldn't tear my eyes or thoughts away from it—lay a wild horse. It lay still in death, its wide-open eyes, even in death, mirroring the terror that had marked its end.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The statements made above are vouched for by a very prominent humane executive who is personally acquainted with the writer.

## Sundown—a Day in June

The setting sun spreads rosy tints o'er the sea and sky. 'Tis quiet, all is hushed, save the murmur of a gentle breeze in the cedars where, on a topmost bough, a song sparrow pours forth his sweet evensong.

A pause—a splash—his last evening dip before going to rest. In the distance I hear a robin singing, the notes growing fainter, as shadows come creeping with the close of day.

ELIZABETH F. UNDERWOOD

All birds cannot fly. The penguin and the ostrich have wings, but are unable to fly.

## Unnatural Acts

**T**HE following is from June Provines' column, "A Line O' Type or Two," in the *Chicago Tribune*:

The owner of two lionesses advertised for a buyer in *The Tribune* and has been deluged with offers of one kind or another. He has been offered a lot in Wheaton, a 1928 sedan, a five-gaited horse, a stationary merry-go-round, two summer resort lots, and a country club membership. Trouble is he can't evaluate them, and the lions are still caged behind the motordrome at River-view. Personally, we hope somebody buys them if they're the lions that used to have to ride the motorcycle car, so they'll never have to do it again.

The day will come, we hope, when the use of animals will be prohibited in entertainment spectacles where the thrill of the act is in direct proportion to its unnaturalness. This will mean no wild animal acts in the circus, no horses or dogs diving from high places, no live creatures used by magicians. Every time we see a magician—and there's one at the Palace right now—using live creatures we wish a rabbit could pull him out of a top hat for a change and toss him to a stage hand when he's through, should he still be alive after his moments of smothering. In the case of the rabbits and doves and the other small live pawns used by magicians it's not so much cruelty that is objectionable as the special kind of bullying it represents—the use of frightened and helpless creatures as though they were inanimate.

## Our Dumb Animals

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### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

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